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For Dwight's Journal of Music.
Lost.

The sunset of early summer
Illumined, with rosy glow,
The rock and the ancient castle,
The hut on the beach below.

A maiden looked from a turret;
"Oh fisher, young fisher," cried she,
"Over the sea, in the sunset,
Fain would I float with thee!"

"Fairest maid among maidens!
Come down to the beach alone;
With the ebb of the tide I'll bear thee
To isles in the sea unknown."

Down she came from the castle,
With exquisite motion slow,
The beautiful bend of the wavelet,
When south winds over it blow.

Greetings and innocent kisses
Each to the other gave;
The water-spirits' music
Sighed under the ruffled wave.

Together they floated, singing,
Over the deep, away;
The wind was slowly rising,
And slowly sank the day.

All, all save love forgotten,
They lost the sheltering shore;
On, on, through night and tempest
They sped, to return no more.

Was love or death the stronger?
Which won the victory?
Long hast thou kept the secret,
Unfathomable sea!

KATHARINE FRANCES M. RAYMOND.

The Grand Review.

EXTRACTS FROM SERMON OF REV. WILLIAM

H. CHANNING.

All that I can hope to give is a general impression of this wonderful scene, the like of which none can expect or wish to see again; for God grant that our warfare is accomplished for ages, forever, within this nation. But sublime beyond power of expression was the manifestation thus given, for once, of the heroism of a free people. Rome in her era of imperial grandeur, France and Germany in the mediæval ages, Paris in the most splendid days of Napoleon, London in the noon-tide of Wellington, never looked on such a triumphal procession as rolled through the broad avenues of the capital of this Republic for twelve hours, one hundred and fifty thousand strong, and thirty miles in length! More showy displays have been often made; for these men were returning from the longest marches, the severest exposures, and the sternest contests which any armies in modern times have passed through, and, though neat and trim as circumstances permitted, yet their uniforms were faded and weather-stained, and their tattered banners told the tale of their prolonged hardships. But it was this very evidence of terrible toil and struggle, so unconsciously given, that made the chief charm of the spectacle. This was no holiday parade of professional soldiers. Here were our brothers, men of the people, fellow-citizens, who had for four

long, weary, woeful years, left home and all that makes home dear, left peaceful pursuits of industry, and the pleasant paths of peace, and risked all, sacrificed all, for the laws and liberties of the Commonwealth. For us and for our children, for all our privileges and immunities, for our free churches, free courts, free legislative halls, free farmers' fields and mechanics' workshops, free schools, and free presses, had they fought and poured out their life's blood, and borne the pitiless peltings of the storm and parching heats. O God, bless and reward them and theirs! How from the heart and to the heart of our whole nation came and went the meaning of the motto inscribed that day on the Capitol: "The only national debt we can never pay is the debt we owe to our victorious Union soldiers."

To one who looked eastward from the gate of the Treasury Building, up Pennsylvania avenue to the Capitol, more than a mile, the vast host of moving heroes, united into one, the surface of the mass undulating with the cadenced march, bayonets, and gun-barrels, and sabres, and spear-heads glistened with innumerable jets and sparkles of light, like the rapids of Niagara flashing in sunshine—a flood forever flowing down and on, from ever-full fountains, unintermitting, continually renewed; immense in volume, majestic in sweep, resistless in momentum, graceful in might—it seemed like a *river of life*—a very *Missouri of manhood!* Eye, heart, imagination were filled with this sublime vision of the giant stream, so steadily pouring on and ever on, through gaily enamelled flowery banks of crowded sideways, packed windows, thronged roofs all ablaze with banners, and flowers, and many-hued dresses; and the sense of wonder grew deeper and deeper as the fascinated eye watched the inexhaustible current of vital vigor, so beautiful in ordered will, in manifold oneness, in harmonized omnipotence. Whence do they come—these waves on waves of athletes, so upright and firm in port, so bronzed and ruddy in tint, with matted beard and close-clipped hair, with muscles so pliant, strong and elastic like steel, and steady, springy step, and gay cheerfulness of look, and carriage? And are these the "exhausted resources" of a nation decimated by four years of bloody strife? And these thirty miles of indomitable sons of Anak, only two-fifths of the armies of the Republic, with a countless fleet and another of seamen to guard their flanks? Oh, thanks to the Lord God Omnipotent, that he has thus demonstrated before the on-looking nations that free institutions—the government of a people by a people and for a people, is the most stable, while most progressive—the most loyal, while most liberal form of government on earth. Thanks, ever fresh thanks! This young giant of a Republic, in the grand Olympic Games of the ages, has proved its prowess and won its crown! Henceforth let us have peace. Here are our peace-makers and our peace-keepers—men who prize freedom as the law of heavenly order, and who, to guard this sacred birth-right, are ready at the instant to give their lives—*their all*.

When somewhat satisfied with the grand general impression, one was free to note particulars. What first attracted the eye, perhaps, was the profusion of flowers, for this is the season of roses in this district; and the rose-tint seemed to light up, with festive brightness, the dingy and dust-powdered uniforms. There were garlands of flowers on the shoulders, breasts, and arms of the mounted officers, wreaths of flowers on the arched necks of their chargers; bouquets of flowers at the saddle-bow or in the bridle-hand; sprigs of flowers projected from the gun-barrels of the soldier; sprigs of flowers were badges on the breasts of the officers heading the ranks, and, above all,

wreaths and garlands of flowers, and, in several instances, civic crowns of laurel were pendent from the spear-heads of the torn battle-flags and bullet-riddled guidons. The fresh beauty of these floral adornments seemed to overspread the mighty host with the atmosphere of a Paradise Regained of Peace. And next the gaze was riveted upon the banners—some glistening bright with silken folds untailed, their blue ground blazoned all over with golden letters, recording the desperate fights through which the brigades and regiments who proudly bore them had proved their patriotic ardor and won their fame. And beside them—their companions—were the old banners, first blessed at home, and consecrated with the prayers of wives and mothers, now shrivelled and shorn to fluttering shreds, scarce able to cling to the flagstaff; the staff itself often shattered, and bound and strapped to hold together. How those pierced, scorched, ravelled rags told of the fierce thunder storms and iron hail and sheets of flame of many and many a battle-field! How proudly, yet with what almost reverent tenderness, the sturdy standard-bearers drooped their treasured trophies in answering salute to the cheers, and hand-clappings, and kerchief-waving of the multitude; and how eyes answered eyes as they grimly smiled, while memory recalled the terrific combats of the past! And then from the battle-flags one turned to study the rank and file of regiments and brigades, who, with company front of twenty deep and massed, swept by, so stately in majestic strength—living organisms whose pulsating heart-throbs were numbered by the rhythmic tread. What stalwart forms—what bronzed and rugged faces! How swinging the stride—how buoyant the bearing! How youthful these veterans of scores and hundreds of desperate combats! How gay and glad, with lightsome hearts, their trials ended, their work well done, their victory fairly earned, their nation saved, are these our nobles marching to their humble homes! Alas! And where are they, their well-loved, trusted comrades, who left shoulder to shoulder years ago, the quiet village, far away among the embosoming hills, or on the flowery prairies? These wasted ranks are their witnesses. They sleep their soldiers' rest under the green mounds of the blood-dyed Wilderness, amidst the sighing pines of the Carolinas and Georgia, or their bones are bleaching yet on the fatal field of Chickamauga. Will you think it strange when I say that, as I watched the tramping army here visible, overhead, seen only by the spirit eye, another army seemed sweeping on, clad in white robes, and waving palm-boughs with crowns of unfading flowers, who responded to the martial strains with a *Gloria in Excessis* and a welcome home, that filled the whole heaven with harmony—and chief among that cloud of witnesses appeared our risen President!

Thayer's New Beethoven Catalogue.

The writer of the following article, which we translate from a German musical paper,—Dr. Laurencin—is a son of the Cardinal Archduke Rudolph, to whom Beethoven dedicated so many of his greatest works, including the great Mass in D, the great B-flat Trio, the Concerto in E flat, the Sonata: *Les Adieux*, &c., the most difficult of all the Sonatas, op. 106, and the last of them all, that in C minor, op. 111. His testimony to the thorough excellence and value of our friend's work—which may be regarded as a sort of *avant courrier* to his forthcoming Life of Beethoven—carries weight with it. We long since

were notified that a copy of the Catalogue was on its way to us; but it has not yet come to hand. Meanwhile the following will serve to show in what high esteem the fruits of our friend's "bee-like industry" are held in Germany:

A. W. THAYER: *Chronologisches Verzeichniß der Werke* (Chronological Catalogue of the Works of) LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN. Berlin: F. Schneider. 1865.

The work before us deserves a warm greeting from all students and friends of Beethoven. Nay more. It is significant under every aspect of the latest mode of exploring and presenting the history and biography of Art. The present time demands a deep and poetic comprehension of all possible occurrences of life. But with the spirit the outward given matter must substantially correspond. This must be placed in order first of all. Farther work is only possible upon this basis. One must first be fully master of the facts. Then only can he enter upon the how, whence, and wherefore of what is given. Such a manner of proceeding is by no means synonymous with the brainless labor of mere draymen and compilers. On the contrary, the soul must shine through independent and self-active everywhere. To be sure, this goal, in the case before us, can be reached only in a very limited sense. The old formalistic logic, long since discarded as to its stiff one-sidedness, and reformed into a higher and more comprehensive way of thinking and teaching, must in a certain sense claim precedence in labors like the present. At the same time the so-called pragmatal way of writing history and arranging its material, long since superseded as an exclusive and controlling principle, must from grounds of inmost necessity play the second and subordinate part in works of this kind. Let now a man strictly conscientious and of true piety, a man of sharp insight, genuine faith and unaffected love, set about such an undertaking, and this outwardly given logical-historical raw material will at once assume, in his original conception, a living and life-giving form. In such a presentation of a subject we have a piece of actual human life revealed to us, a sort of psychological or character-drama. And this is the very kernel, deeply grounded in the spirit of our time, of all biographical and historical inquiry.

Now Thayer's book, viewed on a certain side at least, is a speaking proof of this striving in the spirit of our times. Its fundamental thought and object is: to fix as accurately as possible the time of the origin of Beethoven's works. The point here was the laying of a trustworthy foundation for later investigations and for the long expected full biography of Beethoven. The pressing problem at the outset was the rectification of a multitude of firmly rooted errors about the time and mode of origin of these creations. Heretofore a superficial view has regarded the *Opus* numbers affixed to the master's works as sole and conclusive authority as to the period of their beginning, progress and completion. For a long while this notion obstinately prevailed, in spite of the proof of the utter groundlessness of the assumption furnished by a comparison of the existing catalogue by Breitkopf & Härtel (1851) with the notes by Wegeler, Ries and Schindler. Many a work of the master, which is numbered very high, clearly belongs to an earlier period; and on the other hand, many a one bearing a lower *opus* number, belongs to a much later crea-

tive period of Beethoven. Finally, what is to be done with those works which, both in the above named Catalogue and in the notes and oral communications of Beethoven's contemporaries, have been left utterly unnumbered, and chronologically undetermined?

To a perception of the fundamental thought and standpoint of the pamphlet now in question, the following introductory matter seems to me indispensable:

Breitkopf & Härtel's Beethoven Catalogue gives only 138 printed works of the master; but of works unprinted, whether finished or only sketched, it says nothing. Until very recently the world has trusted blindly, with implicit confidence, to this Catalogue and to the notes of Wegeler, Ries and Schindler, as unquestionable oracular sources with regard to everything worth knowing about Beethoven. Thayer's book applies a sharp probe to all these original materials. This is done partly by removing some things altogether and putting others in their place, partly by correction and completion of details more or less essential. Above all it sets the number of Beethoven's printed works at 298, instead of 138, as heretofore assumed. Thayer authenticates these numerical statements always with documentary exactness. He gives the complete title of each work. He also notes by figures the time of its origin and completion, and even the place of its birth and first performance. The place of publication and the name of the publishing house are also mentioned for each work. In many cases he gives the leading motive or motives in notes, after the manner of a pianoforte score, with words beneath what is to be sung. To these original vouchers the author very often adds a copy, word for word, of brief announcements of publication, and even criticisms upon most of Beethoven's works, which appeared at the time in Vienna, Leipzig and other journals. One also meets in this work very many most precise disclosures about the places where and the persons in whose keeping the original manuscripts of the master may be found.

And still the author's bee-like industry has gone much further. He knew how to get an accurate insight into the sketch-books of Beethoven, which are scattered about here and there, and from these he has lucidly brought together what was best worth knowing. This is an act of the highest importance to the history of culture. Such a process, persistently carried through all the prominent manifestations of artist and explorer-life, would unquestionably afford the clearest insight into the growth and working of the creative mind in every sense. It would give us one of the most speaking life portraits, one of the most significant complements to our knowledge of a people and of individual minds. The kindling thought which is put into the world unquestionably works much more lastingly upon one who knows how, and by what crooked and cross ways of will, thought, feeling, struggle, it has gradually come to light.

Reference may here be made particularly to page 19 (first draughts of "Adelaide"); pp. 51-2, (*Torso* of the Larghetto of the D-major Symphony); p. 69-70, (draught of a song entitled: "Empfindungen bei Lydiens Untreue"); p. 75-6, (Sketch of the C-minor Symphony); p. 92-3, (additions to the 8th Symphony); pp. 94-116, (Irish Melodies); pp. 141-143 (pioneer labors—

Anlage—upon the "Missa Solemnis"); p. 144, (first shapings of the "Opferlied"); finally, pp. 148-150, (single *aperçus* for the "Ninth.")

The amiable modesty of the author has not been backward, on such occasions, in making thankful mention of those who have furnished him the means of such an insight. Among others named by Mr. Thayer are G. Nottebohm in Vienna, Fr. Espagne, Custos of the musical department of the Royal Library in Berlin, and Otto Jahn in Bonn.

In the same view we may thank the work before us for dragging to light whatever could be hunted up of hitherto unprinted things of Beethoven, especially those youthful works which date from his life in Bonn and the early part of his life in Vienna, and which hitherto have been scarcely known by name; to these it refers, now cursorily, and now with greater emphasis, naming the place where each work has been found. Here the author goes sharp-sightedly to work. He carefully distinguishes what is unquestionably, Beethoven's from that which, bearing his name may possibly have proceeded from the great man's brother, Caspar Anton Carl Beethoven. This latter was at first a music-teacher in Bonn, afterwards in Vienna, where, having retired from professional life, he died a private man in the year 1815. Thayer also mentions among things commonly declared to be youthful works of Beethoven some, which he considers to be studies of Carl van Beethoven, a nephew of the master, once a pupil of Carl and Joseph Czerny. Among other things the author treats with especial librarian-like minuteness the hitherto unprinted "Italian Songs," for one and more voices, partly with and partly without accompaniment. Moreover the short dedicatory and other letters, the personal remarks of Beethoven, handed down orally or in writing, which Thayer communicates in their appropriate places, help not less to complete that high and grand image which we had long since formed to ourselves of Beethoven, the most German of all artistic characters. Especially you meet in this connection many caustic, striking traits of humor of a stamp wholly peculiar to the Germans.

Finally, Thayer's pamphlet gives us (pp. 173-182) the completest inventory and appraisal thus far of what Beethoven left behind him, with an accurate fixing of the valuation and the selling price. All these data, so attractive partly in an artistic, partly in a personal point of view, and partly in both, are here enjoyably and even eloquently set before us, and reveal a man of intellect and heart. Not only must we thank the author for his conscientious labor; it is even a duty to enjoy it heartily, to set forth its importance in every sense, and to commend it as warmly as possible to the faithful imitation of all chronologists and biographers.

DR. LAURENCIN.

Beethoven and the Various Editions of his Works.

Beethoven's Works in the Edition published by BREITKOPF & HÄRTEL.

BY OTTO JAHN.*
(Concluded from page 37.)

For the sake of brevity as well as of consistency, it was necessary that the editors of the new edition should restrict themselves to giving, in the first instance, the chronological details undoubtedly established by proven authentic docu-

*Translated, by J. V. BRIDGEMAN, from the original in *Die Grenzboten*.

ments, with the headings of titles of all the works. When such headings can be arrived at only by combination, and when, consequently, they are based on reasons which cannot be at once recognized and proved, but possibly may be doubtful or erroneous, they had to be excluded. Everything, however, that could be determined with a tolerable degree of certainty, might, with a short account of the reasons for its insertion, be appropriately comprised in the *critical supplementary numbers*, which will be the suitable place, moreover, for numerous other matters, both historical and biographical, such, for instance, as the publication of the exact titles and dedications. It might appear that the most simple plan would be to produce the title and dedication of each work as they were originally printed. But in a large collection no little consideration must be paid to economizing space, and, still more, to preserving consistant uniformity. Though many of the titles of Beethoven's compositions were undoubtedly drawn up by himself, and are distinguished by something characteristic, which ought not to be obliterated, in their form, the far greater majority are worded after the usual model, and at great length, comprising, for instance, in various languages, a list of all the instruments for which the various pieces were written. A reproduction of them, therefore, in a long series, would be attended with great inconvenience. For this reason, the same sort of heading has been given to each piece, and this heading comprises all that is material in the title, the idea of the dedication, and the "Op." number. The bibliographically exact reproduction of the titles and dedications, when these are of any interest, is better reserved for the critical supplementary parts, which, also, are the most fitting place for many remarks connected with this part of the subject. This is the place for titles written in Beethoven's hand, but altered when printed; examples of these have been adduced. Thus Beethoven gave the magnificent Quartet in F minor (Op. 95) the title of *Quartetto serioso*; while the Ottet for Wind-Instruments (Op. 103) bore the title of *Partie dans un concert*, as indicating the time at which it was written. Many alterations, too, made by him in dedications are deserving of notice. The first Mass in C major (Op. 86) was originally dedicated to Prince Nicolas Esterhazy, at whose house it was first performed—the copy with Beethoven's dedication is preserved among the archives at Eisenstadt; being annoyed, however, at the coolness with which the work was received at the Prince's, he dedicated it, when it was published, to Prince Kinsky. The graceful Rondo in G major (Op. 51, 2) was originally dedicated to the Countess Giulietta Guicciardi, who, at Beethoven's desire, waived her right to the dedication in favor of the Countess Henriette Lichnowsky; as compensation, he dedicated it to her the C-sharp minor Sonata (Op. 27, 2). We are all aware what importance both the Sonata and the Dedication obtained after it was known that Beethoven was bound to Giulietta Guicciardi by the most tender partiality; knowing this, let any one compare the Rondo with the Sonata.

We have been imperceptibly led to the more material questions connected with the work. The first requirement of every good edition is naturally *correctness*, in order that the results arrived at by careful criticism may be faithfully and reliably communicated to the public. How seriously the publishers have set about their task is proved by the fact that they called in, cancelled, and replaced with other and correct copies the parts of the earlier *Quartets*, which had been struck off without being finally revised, and, consequently, were not free from faults. Quite free from faults no work, it is true, has ever issued from the Press; even when the most unheard of care has been taken in correcting the proofs, typographical errors have been discovered. The peculiar custom which obtains in the music-trade, however, of having the engraved plates preserved, and the editions not more than sufficient to supply the immediate demand, admits of subsequent corrections, and each member of

the musical public can, by sending notice of a fault he may notice in practice, contribute his part towards a degree of accuracy increasing with each successive edition.

The *getting up* of the work is most admirable, and will more than satisfy even extravagant demands. Every thing like mere display, however, especially such as founds upon waste of space and paper the claim of the work to rank among "splendid editions," is most properly avoided, the object in view being the greatest possible circulation among all classes. The form is the long folio, usual at the present day, and is well adapted for the music-stand and not inconvenient to read; the paper is good and white; and the notes are clear and well-formed, those intended for the executant being exceedingly bold and striking. Those in the scores, being meant rather to be only read, are naturally smaller, but even they are distinct and taken in at a glance. The distribution and arrangement of the work are throughout such as to convey the impression of gentlemanly and agreeable liberality, while, at the same time, space has been skilfully combined. The price of each sheet, which, owing to the adopted plan, contains more than is usually the case, is fixed at three groschen, that is: about half the ordinary price.

A material recommendation of this edition is, finally, the great energy with which it is being pushed forward, and carried on towards a rapid conclusion. When a man subscribes to a serial in several volumes, he must be prepared for a long succession of years to pass before he can see his serial completed, and must console himself with a reflection that, should he not live to see its completion, he has, at any rate, contributed his quota towards a work which will delight a succeeding generation. When, in opposition to this kind of experience, founded upon absolute fact, a distinct promise was given in the prospectus that this Edition of Beethoven should be completed in three, or at most, in four years, many a person received that promise, probably, with mistrust. However, the work was begun at the commencement of 1862, and, after the laps of 2 years, the following compositions named in the prospectus are already completed and published:

- Series 1. Symphonies, No. 1—8.
- " 2. Orchestral Works, Nos. 10, 12.
- " 3. Overtures, Nos. 18—28 (complete.)
- " 4. For Violin and Orchestra, Nos. 29—31 (complete.)
- " 5. Chamber Music for four and more Instruments, Nos. 32—36 (complete.)
- " 6. Quartets for Stringed Instruments, Nos. 54—58 (complete.)
- " 7. Trios for Stringed Instruments, Nos. 54—58 (complete.)
- " 8. For Wind Instruments, Nos. 59—64 (complete.)
- " 9. For Pianoforte and Orchestra, Nos. 65—70, 71, 72.
- " 10. Pianoforte, Quartet, and Quintets, Nos. 74—78 (complete.)
- " 11. Trios for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello, Nos. 79—91 (complete.)
- " 12. For Pianoforte and Violin, Nos. 92—103 (complete.)
- " 13. For Pianoforte and Violoncello, Nos. 105—111a (complete.)
- " 14. For Pianoforte and Wind Instruments, Nos. 112—119 (complete.)
- " 15. For Pianoforte, four Hands, Nos. 120—123 (complete.)
- " 16. Sonatas for Pianoforte Solo, Nos. 124—161 (complete.)
- " 17. Variations for Pianoforte Solo, Nos. 162—182 (complete.)
- " 18. Smaller Pieces for Pianoforte Solo, Nos. 183—198 (complete.)
- " 19. Sacred Music, No. 205.
- " 20. Dramatic Works, No. 206.
- " 21. Cantatas, No. 209.
- " 22. Vocal Pieces with Orchestra, Nos. 210—214 (complete.)
- " 23. "Lieder" and Songs, with Pianoforte, Nos. 215—227 (complete.)

Thus of the 264 numbers contained in the catalogue, 212 are already published. It is true that among those still to appear there are some exceedingly important and comprehensive works, but we must bear in mind that the preparation

of them required a longer time than that of the others, which could be got ready more rapidly, and that it is proceeding simultaneously with them.

We may, therefore, confidently look forward to the speedy completion of an undertaking, which, by the grandeur and importance inherent to it, as well as by the spirit and vigor with which it is being conducted and carried out, has a right to be regarded as a national undertaking, and which will be a splendid monument honoring the master who produced such great works, and the generation that understood and admired him.

OTTO JAHN.

[From the *Home Journal*.]

New Musical Instrument for the Drawing-Room.

We have become so accustomed to the piano-forte as the sole interpreter of all classes of instrumental music, in our homes, and it is so admirable in its office, in many respects, that it is not realized that, in large classes of music, it labors under a great disadvantage from its inability to produce *sustained* tones. Yet, for the interpretation of many compositions, these are actually essential. From the instant a piano key is struck, the tone rapidly decreases until it is lost entirely. In no way can it be long continued or made to increase, instead of diminishing; and the repetition of tones, to which the performer is compelled to resort, in place of their prolongation, is, after all, unsatisfactory in its results. This peculiarity of the tones of the piano-forte is undoubtedly excellent, as a single effect, conducing to the gracefulness and spirit of its utterances, and its capacity for expression, but it is by no means the only desirable effect, and the impossibility of escaping it produces a certain sameness and monotony, and greatly circumscribes the capabilities of the instrument.

The various orchestral and band instruments, and the human voice, especially, avoid this sameness of the piano-forte, and are capable of sustained tones, with greater variety in *crescendo* and *diminuendo* effects; but not one of them, singly, can produce harmony as well as melody. Here, then, they are far behind the piano in usefulness. Where a number of them can be used together, as in an orchestra, choir, or even *quartet* of voices, or instruments, harmony as well as melody is possible, with every variety of musical effect. Hence it is for such combinations that most of the best musical compositions have been written, and they cannot be adequately rendered by any instrument not capable of sustained tones. But those of us who are less than princes cannot keep, at our private command, bands of musicians to minister to our musical pleasure at will, and thus the need of some one instrument which shall combine the capabilities of many; which shall add to the capacity of the piano that of the organ, and, under the hands of a single performer, better render our most valuable music than the piano can possibly do, on account of the peculiarities mentioned.

Pipe organs are out of the question from the large space they must necessarily occupy, in order to contain reasonable compass and variety, as well as from their great cost. In a pipe-organ, if it be properly balanced, and well furnished in its lower, as well as upper tones, a pipe sixteen feet long, and several inches in diameter, is requisite to produce the single lowest tone. From this size, the pipes gradually decrease in size as the tones to be produced are higher; but, as in a single full stop, there must be sixty-one pipes, and as a reasonably satisfactory pipe-organ must contain several stops, it is obvious that a large amount of space must be occupied by such an instrument—not to mention the expense involved in its construction. For private houses, therefore, to save space and expense, it has been customary and even necessary, to omit the heavier stops requiring these large pipes, and so disproportioned, ill-balanced instruments have been the result, without, after all, attaining sufficient compactness and economy to render them generally available. This insuperable difficulty, with some minor ones, has prevented the pipe-organs from becoming popular as parlor instruments.

For a long time it has appeared probable to those who were cognizant of such matters, that if the desired instrument, which should be a miniature of the great pipe-organ, or an epitome of the orchestra, were ever produced, it must be by the improvement and development of some form of instrument in which the tones were produced by *reeds*. These occupy little space, are readily controlled, and do not involve very great expense. Hence much time and ingenuity have been given to experiments in this direction. The chief difficulty to be overcome was not trifling;

being nothing less than poor, unattractive quality of tone. The term "reedy tones" had become almost a proverbial expression of condemnation. And then there were other shortcomings scarcely less important.

It is not our purpose to attempt any allusion, even, to the innumerable experiments which have been made in the course of many years to overcome this radical defect, as well as the many other deficiencies in reed instruments. Their success has been various, and not always encouraging, though progress was made from time to time, the result of which the public had in the shape of melodeons, harmoniums and reed organs of various names. It is only within a few years, however, that reed instruments have attained such a degree of excellence as to merit or receive much attention from musical *connoisseurs*. But within these few years such material progress has been made by the well-known manufacturers, Messrs. Mason & Hamlin, of Boston, as to place the instruments made by them, on a higher level, and to decide the question that the piano-forte is no longer to hold the only prominent place as a household instrument. These manufacturers have worked out the secret of producing tones of the best quality—tones of surpassing purity and richness—from reeds, and, have otherwise brought the instruments, for which they have adopted the appropriate name, "Cabinet Organs," to such a degree of excellence, that they are exciting much interest in musical circles, and are already becoming the fashion with those who are on the alert for musical novelties of real merit. Without doubt, in these cabinet-organs, we have the long-sought instrument of sustained tones, which is hereafter to divide with the piano-forte the musical honors of the drawing-room.

The attractions of these new instruments are their really beautiful tones, which are capable of being sustained indefinitely, and which have considerable variety in character, while the performer has their degree of loudness always easily at command; so that he can, at will, produce what are technically termed *organ-tones*, *crescendos*, *diminuendos*, etc. Here, then, are met the principal requirements of the long-needed instrument, possessing the capacity which the piano lacks. Almost all sacred music, as well as the majority of transcriptions from the operas and various orchestral compositions, find better interpretation in the cabinet-organ than they have before had from any single instrument. As compared with large pipe-organs, these new instruments are, of course, lacking in power and grandeur. On the other hand, they have much more vivacity of utterance, and need not shrink from comparison as to quality of tones.

The size of the cabinet-organ averages not half that of the piano-forte, while the shape affords opportunity for elegant designs in exterior finish, of which its makers have availed themselves with much good taste.

Having in so many respects compared or contrasted this new instrument with the piano-forte, let us guard against being understood that it is likely, in any way, to displace the latter instrument. We rather adopt Mr. Gottschalk's view, that "the cabinet organ is an admirable complement to the piano-forte, being a better interpreter of many delightful compositions, and so enlarging the field of home music."

Musical Correspondence.

BERLIN, MAY, 1865.—You will not wonder at the delay of my April letter, in view of the terrible news from America which reached us just as I was about to write it. Every loyal American will know by experience how that intelligence, coming with a double shock from following so close upon the most joy-inspiring accounts, unfitted him for a while for every other interest or pursuit. Not to let my news grow too old, however, I will now, before leaving Berlin, close up my account of the musical advantages which it has afforded, and which I can assure you I have fully enjoyed during this winter.

Easter, and the preceding Holy Week, brought a rise in the tide which had in a measure set during Lent. During the latter season, however, some of the finest concerts of the winter took place; for instance the last series (three) of the Symphony Soirées of the Royal Orchestra. Of these, again, the last was the best, the programme consisting of Beethoven's Fifth and Mozart's G-minor Symphonies, and Mendelssohn's music to the Midsummer Night's Dream. These concerts are now given in the beautiful con-

cert hall of the Opera House, a large, lofty, excellently ventilated apartment, beautifully decorated, decidedly the finest music hall in Berlin, which it is to be regretted is not more frequently used. The performance of the orchestra needs no comment; its excellence is well-known, and in point of execution and the material which they bring to it, these concerts may be said to belong to the first in the world. During Holy Week a number of performances of music appropriate to the season took place. It has become customary in Berlin, as in most Prussian cities, whether Protestant or Catholic, to produce certain standard sacred works annually about this time. In Berlin the Sing-Akademie, on every Good Friday, bring out Bach's Passion Music, according to the Gospel of St. Matthew, a stupendous work. Graun's "Death of Jesus," a Cantata, more popular and more comprehensible in style, is also sung every year during Passion Week in the Garrison church by Schneider's Verein, and was this year performed, besides, by no less than five other societies in different churches, as well as by the Sing-Akademie, for a benevolent object. In addition to these, Stern's Society produced Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis* on Easter Eve. It was certainly most interesting to hear these three great works in such close succession, and performed with equal excellence, the choruses of both societies (Sing-Akademie and Stern's), being superb, and the solos mostly very fine. Fräulein Decker distinguished herself more than ever in the Cantata of Graun and Bach's *Passion*. Amateur though she is, I can truly class her among the finest singers of oratorio music extant. Her voice is remarkably clear, and true, and sweet, as well as powerful, her style, pure and free from the slightest affectation, and she sings with so much earnestness and dignity, that it is an exquisite enjoyment to listen to her.—At this season, too, the liturgical services in which the Cathedral choir takes part, are peculiarly impressive and beautiful. At the one appointed for Thursday before Easter, a portion of the music consists of the *Improperia* of Palestrina, which is inexpressibly solemn; and not much less so the "Seven Words" (the seven last sentences spoken by Jesus on the cross) by Neithardt. Speaking of Palestrina reminds me of a sacred concert given by some society during Lent, for a benevolent object, which a very fine programme, well executed, made a most attractive one. Among the compositions sung were Mozart's *Ave Verum*, Beethoven's *Busslied* (tenor solo), Duet for Tenor and Soprano from Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," the Hymn with chorus by the same composer, a beautiful eight voice Motet by Corsi, and, the most beautiful of all, a short sentence in 5 parts, "Jerusalem convertata, etc." by Palestrina. What it was, or what from, I cannot tell. I only know it was one of the most exquisite pieces of music I ever heard, the high, swelling tones with which it ended, only too quickly, when one thought it had only just begun, seeming to draw the listener strait up to heaven!

After Easter commenced a series of performances by Herr NIEMANN, from the Royal Theatre at Hanover, who is considered one of the first tenors, if not the first, at present on the German stage. *Tannhäuser*, *Lohengrin*, Spontini's *Fernando Cortez*, Mehl's *Joseph*, Dorn's *Niebelungen*, The "Jewess," the "Prophet," "Faust," these were some of the operas in which he sang the tenor part. He has an uncommonly fine presence,—such as, strangely enough, is rarely met with in a tenor; tall and broad, and finely proportioned, he overtops most of his fellow-singers, and seems just made for the hero parts which he usually fills. His voice is a true *tenore robusto*, of great power and clearness, somewhat lacking, naturally, in the often requisite sweetness perhaps, but so well under his control, that he can tone it down to any degree of softness. His school is excellent, and his enunciation perfect. Add to this that he is as great an actor as he is a singer, and I need not tell you that he fully deserves all the enthusiasm which is lavished upon him.

Not long ago, we disappointed mortals who were cheated out of half of STOCKHAUSEN's last concert, were gratified by seeing the long-promised "Compensation Concert" announced in the papers. We hastened to call for our tickets, and on the day and at the hour appointed, the hall was crowded with expectant listeners. We soon saw, however, that Herr Stockhausen intended to give us only just what he owed us, and nothing more, or at least nothing worth mentioning. For the programme announced only just the song in which his hoarseness interrupted him, and the vocal number still remaining on that occasion. Between these was interpolated a "Feuille d' Album," which proved to be an insignificant piano composition by Mr. Kirchner, the gentleman who accompanied Herr Stockhausen. The singing of the latter, in the "Minstrel," by Schumann, and Beethoven's Songs "To the Distant Beloved One," was all that could be wished, indeed most exquisite, and, in fact, the short programme was no less than we had a right to expect. Still, it gave the impression of decided shabbiness, and several persons expressed surprise that Stockhausen had not been even more particular, and commenced Schumann's song exactly where he had broken off on the 14th of January, or that he had even added that "Feuille d' Album." Take it all in all, the getting up of this concert was not the most politic proceeding on the gentleman's part, and I doubt whether he will ever be as great a favorite in Berlin again as heretofore. Some say that he had no intention of giving any "Compensation Concert" at all, but had been told that, if such an one were not announced in time, his reception at a concert of the "Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde," at which he was long since engaged to appear, and which took place the day after, would be a very unpleasant one, inasmuch as a number of silver whistles had been prepared for the occasion. In consequence of this warning, he advertised his extra concert for and gave it on Monday, and remained unmolested on Tuesday.

I am not sure whether, in one of my previous letters, I told you of my having heard Mad. WAGNER-JACCHMANN in *Orpheus*. In retiring from the operatic stage, she reserved for herself the right of still appearing occasionally in this one opera. It is but rarely that she dares attempt the part, as she cannot always trust her voice; and I was fortunate enough in hearing the only performance of the opera given this winter. Very lately I had the pleasure of hearing the music of it sung again, at a concert. On both occasions Wagner was superb in her singing of the part, as on the first also in her dramatic representation thereof. The music is most beautiful, and appears to quite as great advantage off the stage as on it. For, with the exception of the role of Orpheus itself, the scenic action is rather shallow and uninteresting. Wagner's voice, both times that I heard her, seemed almost as fresh and powerful and rich as ever. On the last occasion particularly, when, singing in the hall of the Sing-Akademie, she was not obliged to strain it at all, it came forth with all its former beauty. And she is still, and ever will be, the same earnest, truthful, conscientious artist that she always was, and proves this not only when she appears as a singer, but also in her dramatic career, where she interprets most faithfully such poetic conceptions as Goethe's Iphigenia, Shakespeare's Lady Macbeth, Constance, etc., Schiller's Queen Elizabeth, and the like.

The Berlin stage has just lost one of its fairest flowers in the person of Mlle. DE AHNA, who died, after a lingering illness, only 27 years old. Of charming person and dignified demeanor, cultivated and refined, and of spotless reputation, she occupied a very high position as an artist, both vocal and dramatic, and is universally regretted. Her voice was a high mezzo-soprano, very pure and clear, and her acting truthful and earnest. It was but once my

good fortune to hear her, as the Countess in the „Marriage of Figaro,” when I was delighted with her embodiment of the part. A fit substitute for her will not easily be found for the Berlin stage.

M.

Music Abroad.

Leipzig.

The following letter, taken from the London *Orchestra*, sums up the musical opportunities of a single season in this most peculiarly musical city of Germany:

LEIPZIG, 25th May, 1865.—I have more than once had occasion to observe that no small proportion of the benefits students of music can derive from a residence in Leipzig is due to the many opportunities they have of listening to music of the highest class.

That I did not speak without reason, may be seen from the following summary of music produced at Leipzig from the 1st of October to Easter Sunday. The list might be increased considerably were all the performances of the many semi-private societies, the Dilettanti Orchestra-Verein, and the various concerts given by separate artists, such as—Frau Schumann, Dr. Satter, &c., and the weekly Pupils’ Concerts in the Conservatorium,—added to the number.

Those pieces marked † were produced for the first time in Leipzig.

1.—IN THE CHURCH OF ST. THOMAS.

(On every alternate Sunday, except during the seasons of Advent and Lent, and on the festival days, music with orchestral accompaniment is sung at the principal morning service. On Saturday afternoons, and on the eves of festivals, two unaccompanied motets are sung.)

A.—WITH ORCHESTRA.

Chorus and choral, Bach; chorus (*Vater unser*), Cherubini; two anthems, Händel; chorus, and *Kyrie*, *Gloria*, and *Credo*, from a Mass, Hauptmann; two choruses, and “The seven last words,” Haydn; *Kyrie*, *Gloria*, and *Sanctus*, from a Mass, Hummel; chorus (*Verleih’ uns Frieden*) and selection from “Christus,” Mendelssohn; two motets, and *Kyrie*, *Gloria*, and *Credo*, from a Mass, Mozart; Psalm 130, Richter; motet, Schneider.

B.—UNACCOMPANIED.

(Where more than one motet by the same composer has been sung, the number is given in parentheses.)

Bach, Doles, Drobisch, Durante, Fessa, Gade, Graun, Hauptmann (13), Haydn, Homilius, Kittan (2), Mendelssohn (5), Mosel, Müller, Reissiger (3), Richter (8), Rietz (3), Romberg, Scarlatti, Schicht (3), Schulz, Schütz, Schneider (2), Wemlig.

C.—ON GOOD FRIDAY.

The *Matthäus Passion*, by J. S. Bach.

2.—GEWANDHAUS CONCERTS.

A.—ORCHESTRAL PERFORMANCES.

(Twenty subscription and two extra concerts.)

SYMPHONIES.—“Columbus” symphony, Abert; in Ct, Bariel; Nos. 1, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8, 9, Beethoven; *Allegro, menuetto, rondo*, Bennet; in D†, Burgmüller; in Ft, Gade; in E flat and G, Haydn; in A minor, Mendelssohn; in G minor, and in D (without *menuet*), Mozart; in B flat and E flat, Schumann.

OVERTURES.—“Leonore,” No. 3, Fest overture, Op 124, Beethoven; Anacreon, Abenceragen, Wasserträger, Cherubini; Michel Angelo, Gade; “Fin’ gal’s Cave,” “Midsummer Night’s Dream,” overture in C, re-written for the London Philharmonic, Mendelssohn; “Loreley,”† Naumann; “Manfred,” Schumann; “Alchemist,”† Spohr; Festival Overture, with the “Belgian Hymn,”† Vieuxtemps; “Der Freischütz,” “Oberon,” “Preciosa,” Weber.

OTHER ORCHESTRAL WORKS.—Toccata in F† instrumented by Eßer, Bach; “Solemn March,”† Cherubini; part of the ballet music from “Orfeo,” Gluck; Suite No. 2, Lachner; “Haffner” Serenade, Mozart; Suite,† Raff; “Faust, ein musikalisches Charakterbild.”

CHORAL WORKS.—I. With Orchestra.—Chorus and choral from the cantata, “Bleib bei uns,” Bach; “Frithjof-Sage,” Brach; two anthems: “Und Gottes Will ist dennoch gut,” “Nicht so ganz wirst meiner du vergessen,” Hauptmann; Athaliah, “Walpurgsnacht,” Mendelssohn; “Belshazzar,” Reinecke; “Paradise and the Peri,” Schumann. II. Without accompaniment.—Eight-part choral, “Mitten wir im Leben sind,” Mendelssohn.

CONCERTOS, &c.—Pianoforte—Beethoven, in C major, played by Frl. von Asten; in E flat, twice, by Herr Halle and Frau Schumann; and in C minor, by Herr Reinecke. Hummel, in B minor, by Frl. Mehlig. Mendelssohn, in G minor, by Herr E. Lübeck. Rosenhain,† by the composer. Schumann, by Herr Jaell. Violin—Joachim,† in G major, by the composer. Mendelssohn, by Herr Röntgen. Mozart,† in D major, by Herr David. Rietz, by Herr Dreyeck. Spohr, No. 11, by Herr Walter; “Gesangsscene,” by Herr Kömpel. Violoncello—Reinecke,† by Herr Grützmacher. Volkmann,† by Herr Popper. Clarinet—Weber, adagio and rondo, by Herr Landgraff.

INSTRUMENTAL SOLOS.—Pianoforte—Chopin, Heller, Jaell, Kirmberger, Lebert, Liszt, Lübeck, Mendelssohn, and Schumann, played by the pianists named above. Violin—Bach, Beethoven, Spohr, and Vieuxtemps, played by the violinists named above. Violoncello—Bach, Grützmacher, Mozart and Pergolese, played by Herr L. Lübeck, and the violoncellists named above. Horn—Lorenz, Phantasiestück, played by Herr Gumpert.

SINGERS.—The Frauen Flinsch, Joachim, Köster, Passy-Cornet, Pögnea, Thelen; the Fräulein Alvesleben, Borchard, von Edelsberg, Gastoldi, Hinkel, Kämmeritz, Pressler, Scheuerlein, Weber; the Herren Degele, Gitt, Gunz, Hertzsch, Hill, John, Richter, Rudolph.

B.—KAMMER-MUSIK.

(In Eight Concerts.)

FOR STRINGS.

TRIO.—C minor, Beethoven.

QUARTETS.—E flat, Cherubini; D minor, D major, Haydn; D major, Mendelssohn; D minor, Schubert; A major, Schumann.

QUINTETS.—C major,† C minor (re-arrangement of the pianoforte trio, Op. 1), Beethoven; C major, Schubert.

SEXET.—Gade.† *

OCTET.—Mendelssohn.

DOUBLE QUARTET.—D minor, Spohr.

CONCERTO.—For two violins, two violi di gamba, violoncello, and contrabass,† Bach.

FOR PIANOFORTE AND STRINGS.

PIANOFORTE AND VIOLIN. Kreutzer sonata, Beethoven.

PIANOFORTE AND VIOLONCELLO. Sonata, A major, Beethoven; sonata, D major, Mendelssohn.

QUARTETS. A major,† Brahms; Gernsheim; Prince Louis Ferdinand; G minor, Mozart.

QUINTET. Reinecke; E flat, Schumann.

VIOLONCELLO SOLO. Bach.

STRINGED AND WIND INSTRUMENTS. Divertimento, for string quartet, contrabass, and two horns,† Mozart.

3.—EUTERPE.

A.—ORCHESTRAL PERFORMANCES.

(Eight Concerts.)

SYMPHONIES. Nos. 5 and 7, Beethoven; B flat, Gade; G minor, Mozart; C major, *adagio* from the “Tragic Symphony,” Schubert; D minor, Schumann.

OVERTURES.—“Prometheus,”† Bariel; “Loloska,” Cherubini; “Midsummer Night’s Dream,” Mendelssohn; “Jubel-Overture,”† Raff; “Genovefa,” Schumann; “Tannhäuser,” Wagner; “Euryanthe,” Weber.

OTHER ORCHESTRAL WORKS. Concerto for three violins, three violas, three violoncellos, and contrabass, Bach; “Sylphen Walzes, and Rákoczy March,” from the “Faust” music, Berlioz; “Symphonische Dichtung,” Huber; “Lohengrin” (introduction to Act III), Wagner.

CHORAL WORKS. Fantasia for pianoforte (Frl. Bach) orchestra, and chorus, Beethoven; “Frühlingssbotschaft,” Gade; “Lobgesang,” Mendelssohn; music to Byron’s “Manfred,” Schumann; “Brautlied,” from “Lohengrin,” Wagner.

CONCERTOS, &c. Pianoforte. In E flat, played by Frl. Mehlig, Beethoven; F minor, by Frau Mag-nus-Heinlein, Chopin; G minor, by Frl. Krebs, Mendelssohn; Concertstück, by Frl. Bach, Weber. Violin. Beethoven, by Herr Jacobsohn; Viotti, No. 24, by Herr Hugo Wehrle. Violoncello. Servais, Concertstück, by Herr Popper. Trombone. “David,” concertino, by Herr Nabich.

INSTRUMENTAL SOLOS. Pianoforte. Chopin, Händel, Liszt, Wallace, played by the pianists named above. Violin. Schumann and Vieuxtemps, played by Herr Jacobsohn. Violoncello. Bach and Pergolese, played by Herr Popper.

SINGERS. Frau Thelen; the Fräulein Brenner, Borchard, Eggeling, Martini, Metzdorff, and Wigand; the Herren Schild, Hertzsch, and Wiedemann.

B.—KAMMER-MUSIK.

(Two Concerts.)

STRING QUARTETS. E flat, Op. 74, Beethoven; |

D major, Haydn; A minor, Schumann.

PIANOFORTE TRIO. D minor, Mendelssohn.

PIANOFORTE SEPTET. Hummel.

PIANOFORTE SOLOS. Chopin, Henselt, Liszt, Schumann.

VIOLIN SOLO. Bach, Chaconne. *Lieder*, with pianoforte and violin accompaniment, Hauptmann (2). *Standchen*, for contralto solo, with female chorus, Schubert.

4.—CHORAL SOCIETIES.

A.—RIEDELSCHER GESANG-VEREIN.

Cantata, “Ach Gott, wie manches Herzleid!” cantata, “Gotteszeit ist die allerbeste Zeit;” second part of the “Weihnachts oratorium,” “Magnificat,” Bach. Oratorio, “Johannes der Täufer,”† Leonhard. Motet for double chorus, Franz. “Agnus Dei,” Herzod. “Die Seligkeiten,” Liszt. Psalm, Marcello. Liturgical chorus, Müller-Hartung. Three numbers of Russian church music. Organ pieces by Bach and Thomas.

B.—SINGACADEMIE.

“Messiah;” “Judas Maccabaeus,” Händel.

5.—THEATRE.

(The figures refer to the number of performances of each opera.)

“Masaniello,” (5) Auber; “Fidelio,” (3) Beethoven; the *Montecci e Capuletti*, “Norma,” (2) Bellini; “Jean de Paris,” Boieldieu; “Daughter of the Regiment,” Donizetti; “Die Dorfsängerinnen,” Fioravanti; “Murtha,” (2) Flotow; “The Jewess,” (2) Halévy; “Lara,” (10)† Maillart; “Joseph,” Méhul; “Robert der Teufel,” (4) Meyerbeer; “Don Juan,” (3) Figaro,” (5) “Schauspieldirector,” (4) “Zauberfeste,” (4) Mozart; “Merry Wives of Windsor,” (3) Nicolai; “Meister Fortunio und sein Liebeslied,” (2) “Die Verlobung bei der Laterne,” (5) Offenbach; “Barber of Seville,” (4) “Tell,” (2) Rossini; “Der Dorfbarbier,” Schenk; “Prinz Eugen,” Schmidt (Gustav); “Flotte Burschen,” (8) Von Suppé; “Trovatore,” (2) Verdi; “Der Faeschtz,” (3) Weber.

Speaking of Leipzig, here is a pleasant bit of news, which we copy from the *Transcript*:

BOSTON MUSICAL STUDENTS IN LEIPZIG.—Our city has for many years been always represented by one or more students in the famous Leipzig Conservatorium, and with credit. At the second examination, or “Hauptprüfung,” on the 27th of April, the highest honors in piano-forte playing were borne off by a Boston boy, Mr. CARLYLE PETERSILEA, son of our well-known teacher; or at least they were only shared with him by a young Englishman. The Leipzig *Telegraph* says: “In Mr. Petersilea (who played the first movement of a Concerto by Henselt) we made the acquaintance of a pianist who in technical respects decidedly bore off the victory. This Concerto by Henselt is so full of colossal difficulties that it might be considered hardly a fit piece to be undertaken by a pupil”—indeed we learn that Prof. Moscheles was strongly opposed to the selection until he heard Petersilea play it.—“But P. overcame the difficulties with a certainty and a precision which almost raised a doubt about the pupil.”

Another paper says: “The most conspicuous achievement in piano-forte playing was that of Mr. Petersilea, and the orchestra were enthusiastically carried away in accompanying the admirable composition by Henselt.”

We add the opinion of the musical journal which was founded by Schumann, the *Neue Zeitschrift*—“In excellent technical finish and brilliancy the playing of Messrs. Petersilea and Allison (from England) was distinguished. The former executed his task not without fiery impetus, and the latter (in Chopin’s F minor Concerto) with tender shading. The two renderings unquestionably belonged to the most interesting of the evening, and we must emphasize especially the choice of the beautiful Concerto of Henselt, so full of soul and feeling, as a very happy and an edifying one.”

On the fourth day of examinations, May 4th, another young pianist, who formerly lived in Boston, but more recently in Sandusky, Ohio, J. ERNST PERABO, distinguished himself (according to the authority last quoted) by his “finely finished and soulful rendering of the Barcarole and Finale of Norbert Burgmüller’s F-sharp minor Concerto.”

Not a few of our readers who have watched with interest the artistic promise of these young men, will be gratified by these extracts.

Cherubini’s *Medea* is the most important novelty announced for production this summer at Her Majesty’s Theatre. The son and grandson of Cherubini are in London, to witness their father’s and grandfather’s opera.

THE ABBÉ LISZT. Mr. Chorley, in the *Atheneum*, thus touches, truly, we doubt not, the secret of Liszt's great disappointment with the world, which, when we consider also that he was always a romantic, restless genius, eager to try every strange sensation, and still to make a new sensation, leaves it not so unnatural that he should have drifted into the snug harbor of the monks at Rome. The cunning priests will see that he is well off. How tenderly they will care for him! What roses will they not weave into his chains till they weigh lightly as silk upon him! To what heavenly uses will they not flatteringly employ his talent! Why does not the Pope send him as a miraculous piano-playing propagandist to America? But for the extract from Chorley:

As a creative artist Dr. Liszt must have felt his life to have been a failure, and may therefore be not unwilling to retire from further feverish struggle after the unattainable. He has carried it with a high hand, supported by his transcendental powers as a poetical executant, the like of which, we conceive, have never been approached; but twenty years of ceaseless production of works on the most ambitious scale, under the encouragement of a congregation of devoted patrons, friends and believers, have not yielded one solitary composition which has laid hold on the world.

Further information of the Abbé—not the "Abbot"—is found in the *Orchestra*:

Abbot Francisus Liszt has fallen on his monastic feet. He will perform his first mass at Whitsuntide. His nomination to the canonicate of St. Peter is spoken of, as also his probable nomination as chapel master to Pius IX. It was during a visit to Liszt's apartments, that the Pope, who found the Abbot playing, recorded his special permission that he should keep on at it.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 24, 1865.

The Musical Festival.

(Concluded.)

IX. "THE MESSIAH."

The ninth and last of the great series of concerts—fifth of the Oratorios, counting the "Hymn of Praise"—came on Sunday evening, May 28, crowning a glorious week with a performance of Handel's "Messiah." The crowd of listeners was again immense. There is not much that need be said of so familiar an oratorio—a work which the Handel and Haydn Society have probably performed several times every year during the whole half century of its existence which it was the object of this Festival to celebrate. Of course it derived new interest from the occasion, from the great mass and volume of the chorus (over 700 voices); and more especially did that splendid orchestra, with such a mass of stringed instruments, lend fresh life and interest to the old work by bringing out the quaint Handelian figures of the accompaniment in such strong outline, with such hearty breadth and positiveness; and the bassoons (pardon another allusion to them—our long privation of them must excuse it) were richly welcome in such passages as "O thou that tellest."

The performance was on the whole a very successful one, although the voices naturally showed signs of fatigue after so hard a week's work. Many of the choruses, especially such as the "Wonderful" chorus and the "Hallelujah," went more grandly than ever, the latter drawing the largest part of the audience upon their feet—which was very well so far as it was done spontaneously and not by the constraint of custom or example, simply because it is the traditional way in England. The chorus "All we like sheep"

was too hurried for the careless image it suggests; nor was the profound feeling and beauty of "Surely" and "With his stripes all we are healed" expressed so clearly and palpably as it might have been. There were one or two other slightly blurred passages, but not enough to seriously weaken or mar the general effect of a really noble choral rendering.

The solo airs and recitatives were undertaken by Miss BRAINERD, Mrs. KEMPTON, Mr. FARLEY and Mr. RUDOLPHSEN, all doing their best in music that demands the best, and for the most part successfully, if we except the tenor, who plainly has never yet been fairly naturalized in the serene, high element of Oratorio, and whose pleasing voice has learned its clever ways of the Italian operatic singers. This time, however, he was more careful than in "Elijah," and cheerfully complying with the Conductor's hints did not take liberties with his text to show off his high notes. Mr. Rudolphsen has acquired rare evenness and aplomb in rolling out the long roulades of Handel's bass songs, and indeed all his part was unexceptionable. Miss Brainerd made her best impression in the soprano airs of this oratorio; it was a careful and well studied rendering, fluent and finished, albeit lacking inspiration as well as fresh vitality of tone. Mrs. KEMPTON took great pains to sing with fervor, and in the contralto airs won plentiful applause. Her voice is rich, her execution fine; but we could not help feeling that she overdid the matter of lacrymose expression in "He was despised;" and generally the emotion, the "pathos" of her strain is too much after the unquiet modern Italian manner. It is in the most simple and chaste rendering that you feel the melody of Handel; of course the singer too must feel it, and we most trust the singer's feeling in the simplest rendering.

So ended the great Festival. That it was a gratifying, an inspiring success, artistically, socially, and even financially (for, although it has cost more than \$17,000, it leaves a balance of \$4,000 to be divided between the two great War charities and the Society's own fund for further musical usefulness);—that it is a just theme of pride for Boston, and most creditable to the old Society (which seems to have rejuvenated itself in this effort), to its devoted officers, to the enthusiastic, able, indefatigable Conductor, the skillful organist, the admirably selected, numerous Orchestra, who did so much great work so well with small time for rehearsal, and did it, too, with all their heart, and all the volunteers and regulars who went so heartily into the chorus work, in short, to all concerned;—that it has given a new impulse to the cause of noble Music in this country and the best assurance of more and better Festivals to come,—is the very least that we can say of it, although in saying it, and in thus echoing the general feeling, we would by no means imply that it has left no room for improvement.

There are scores of individuals to whom we would severally give credit for a great work so admirably planned and carried through, even to the marshalling and seating of the vocal army and the attentive courtesy to each member on the part of the vigilant Chorus superintendents (Corps commanders) to whom this care was intrusted. The words of the *Daily Advertiser* must serve our purpose here:

One word of gratitude to those who began it and made it what it was. First come the President and Directory of the Handel and Haydn Society, with their Secretary, who has proved an executive of thorough ability and assability; then the hundreds of semi-professional and amateur vocalists who gave their time and strength to the study of the choruses; and then the faithful, enthusiastic, energetic Mr. Zerrahn, together with Mr. Lang, quiet, retiring, but a master of the organ and piano,—the one strong to direct, the other ever able to lead and sustain, the hundreds of individualities which were as chaos without such control and help. These brought out from an idea a "marvellous work," and to their reinforcement came the men of means with their proffer of moneys against any emergency, which again the great public had provided for its liberal and remunerative patronage. And as we leave the Festival to take its own place in the records of time, let us not forget the pleasant, patient Superintendent Peck, who has been impartial to all applicants for places, nor Mr. Whittle, who has had a troublesome post at the door during the rehearsals, and whose courtesy has not failed those whose entrance it was his duty to bar any more than it has seemed his gratification to throw open his portal for the participant or the privileged. Such places are too often poorly filled, and when they are well occupied the public service of their holders deserves a public recognition.

We have but briefly chronicled the daily progress of the Festival. Still more briefly must we weigh results and read the lesson.

It has been a success, we say, and so say, so feel all (except one or two carping fault-finders, not "critics," in New York, who seem to hate the sight or sound of any good that cometh out of Nazareth). The Handel and Haydn Society and all participants are naturally elated and very happy in a success so far beyond their sanguine expectations. They have a right to feel so. And yet no one presumes to say the thing was *perfect*. Inevitably, under the circumstances, there were, there must have been short-comings. These, of course, become more obvious on reflection as the first flush of enthusiasm fades away, and as we begin to measure all by the ideal and not by a merely comparative, external standard. No one is more conscious of this—sooner or later at least—than the earnest heads and managers of the undertaking. They are justly proud of what they *have* achieved; they take hope from it; they also have learned lessons by it, which, or some, the principal, of which, are doubtless precisely of the same tenor as the few comments we are about to make.

A great success there was; but *what* success?

1. We think it will be agreed that the success was more one of quantity than of quality (not that there was not something to be proud of in the latter respect), in point of execution. The effects realized were more those of mass and grandeur, than of fineness, delicate and subtle distribution of light and shade; more of spirit and momentum, military energy and unanimity in great mass movements and manoeuvres, than of poetic fusion and subdued blending of all the individualities in an exquisite, expressive whole. As we have before said, there was seldom, if ever, a *pianissimo*, to vary and relieve the sweeping and triumphant charges of the seven hundred voices; and what effect so beautiful, so wonderful as the *pianissimo* of a great host of voices; the breadth of such a softly swelling, murmured mass of tone conveys even more of power and of sublimity than the loudest thunder of the cataract. The Conductor knew this; but it was not easy, in those new circumstances, before each singer had begun to feel himself at home, and feel the others with him in those strange seats, so many of them and so far apart, to

persuade each that his or her single voice was audible, was any voice at all, unless he made the most of it and gave it out with full force. Singers have to learn to trust themselves on such occasions, and to dare to sing softly, losing and finding themselves in the collective beautiful effect.

The same, too, with the orchestral performances. Those great Symphonies and Overtures were given with spirit and power, with a massive breadth of tone extremely satisfying to an ear long disused to it; but the finer accent in each little phrase of whatsoever instrument, the poetic light and shade, the real gradual crescendo, &c., the delicate, warm, finely sympathetic transcript of the composer's thought and mood, was too frequently lost sight of in the pleasurable momentum and extemporized *esprit de corps* with which the thing was so vigorously carried through. There was effect, to be sure, a quite exciting, sometimes thrilling, grand effect. The great thoughts of Beethoven and the other masters were deeply, strongly felt; there was no mistaking the men, no denying their quickening magnetic presence. But it is idle to suppose that the best was realized that could have been out of that splendid material. It was quick, strong, confident, decided military leadership, rather than the fine musical instinct, that impressed itself upon the spirited movement of those hundred instruments. Here, as with the chorus work, in all that is required of spirit, executive force, bold, impetuous momentum, there was no lack; but the pervading finer soul, the subtle imaginative kinship of interpreter with author, however obvious in individuals, was not felt in the whole. Of course, we do not say this of every piece performed. And it behoves us to make full allowance for the situation and the necessities which it involved. Such an orchestra could only be assembled for the brief week filled by the Festival itself; there were no peaceful intermissions, scarcely, for rehearsal; the musicianship of the men, the familiarity (to them) of the masterworks to be performed, the brain and nerve and hand of the conductor, the inspiration of the occasion, were the guarantees of each successful launch and coming into port. Yet here for once we had the material; such an opportunity might never come again; who could help a certain greed to crowd that little week with all the Symphonies and orchestral creations possible to hear on such a scale? It was at least excusable, the willingness to sacrifice something on the score of nicest quality of rendering to glorious quantity and representative variety. We do not live in Berlin, Leipsic, London, Paris, nor even in New York, where all the elements are always within call and assimilated, tempered to each other.

While on the subject of execution, we may merely allude again to the solo-singing, which all know was the weak point of the Festival, although in our review we have specified much that was satisfactory. It is enough to say that the time was unfavorable for the collecting of great vocal talent in this country. The management did the best that could be done; the only wonder was that they made out so well. Here, again, hurry, want of time for consultation and rehearsal, allowed tares to creep in with the wheat in the selections of vocal miscellany for the afternoon Concerts. And for the sake of this explanation we have reserved till now what should properly have been our first point:

2. The Programmes. The only disturbing elements in the nine programmes, which had better have been flung out entirely, were the hackneyed Italian opera show-pieces already referred to, (the things from *Traviata*, *Favorite*, "Ah mon fils!" "Venzano Waltz," &c.) and one or two noisy orchestral effect pieces, full of brass and only edifying when heard out of doors. The former we will dispose of at the outset by suggesting whether we have not learned this among other lessons by the Festival: That in dealing with solo singers, in the making up of program-

mes, the choice of pieces must not be left to the singer's own vanity, or indolence, or ignorant unconcern whether his or her pet piece and patent reaper of applause will make or mar the harmony of the whole programme; but it must be controlled by the Conductor, or by the management, at all events by the *one mind* that ought to shine through the whole work. In Germany—perhaps not in England—the Conductor is responsible for what is sung, and it is for him to say if wrong company creeping in by a back window shall be tolerated. We have not yet reached the point where our Conductors may take so much upon them; we rather fancy that we shall have reached it by the time of the next festival.

Judging by the quantity and variety of good music, the number of really great works produced—works great intrinsically and requiring such great means as were assembled to produce them—the programme of that week was exceedingly rich. Four such Oratorios, the "Hymn of Praise," four such symphonies, several of the overtures: the time was when to each of us it was an event of his life to hear either of them. It was in the main, too, quite a representative variety; the greatest and best of Handel, of Haydn, of Mendelssohn, of Beethoven, of Schubert, were given; the best overture of Rossini; the best probably of Liszt's still problematical Symphonic adventures, *Les Preludes*, which was well enough in a representative light to gratify curiosity; and the best exhibition thus far of the purely musical part of Wagner, the *Tannhäuser* overture. But we must again remark in this connection the very strange omission of anything whatever bearing the name of Mozart, one of whose symphonies or even overtures would have well justified the omission of half a dozen noisier modern things. And above all, it must be owned that a great Festival of sacred music at this day, lacks the full height of aspiration, and fails to set the *extra* mark on the occasion, when it makes no effort, manifests no wish to make at least the beginning of any acquaintance with Sebastian Bach. A fair performance and appreciation, or at least impression of the *Passion* music, or of only one of his hundreds of Cantatas or Motets, would have brought us into the direction of the world's real musical progress at this day. No other novelty could we so ill afford to still renounce and fast from. Such a Festival writes itself below full character, not quite up to the musical tide-mark of to-day, so long as it can ignore Bach.

It is not enough, either, to have things of unquestionable merit; the programme, to have piquancy, and to mark progress, should offer points of rarity and novelty. Such points in our Festival were "Israel in Egypt" and the Schubert Symphony. A realizing impression of these works would be points gained to our musical culture and experience. The advanced taste here cared most for those two works, because never more than half admitted to them hitherto, while their importance was vouch'd for by all good authorities. It was particularly unfortunate, therefore, that "Israel" was curtailed in the manner that we have related, and that great work still remains half understood among us to be the point of ambition for some other Festival, putting Bach off perhaps still longer. For all these things are only questions of time; we must come to them.

It may be a question whether our programme was not too ambitious—in quantity, not in height of aspiration; whether we did not attempt too much in a single week. It is certain that the Festivals in Germany, where musical feeling, tact and wisdom are to be sought for rather than in England, seldom if ever last more than three days, and seldom load those days with such a mountainous outlay of work. "Enough is as good as a feast," is rather the rule there, and to make that feast choice, ingeniously rare and delicate and appetizing, rather than to pile Ossa upon Pelion. Often they content themselves with one great Oratorio, and for the rest a choice variety of pieces of more moderate length, so put together and related to each other as to make the programme one delightful whole, neither distracting nor fatiguing, and each piece served as nicely and tastefully as possible. The composition of the programme is itself a work of art, for the Conductor, or a truly musical Committee. In England, at Birmingham, &c., they have long and

crowded programmes. In weight and excellence of matter, this Festival of ours may compare well with any of them; our mixed vocal and instrumental concerts only sinned in the same respect (the Italian fashionable element), and in a less degree, while for the four great Symphonies the Birmingham Festival which we attended offered not a single one. "Israel," however, and Beethoven's mighty Mass in D were given there in all their glory. Let us, at least, study choiceless, fitness, things that quicken and that make for progress, rather than overwhelming aggregates.

3. While we may comparatively with all attempted thus far in this country, and to some extent in England, boast our Festival a great success, let us be cautious how we rush to rash conclusions about having placed ourselves musically in the front rank of the world by this brave enterprise. In the enthusiasm of after-dinner mutual congratulations this may be all natural enough, but it will not bear the test of sober reflection. Better believe that neither have we yet the orchestra, nor the chorus, nor the solo singers, nor the controlling and directing musical mind and taste, nor the informed, exacting public, nor the ripeness of musical history and culture, to enable us to compete, save at a humble distance, with what can be done in Europe. That we are exceedingly well pleased with our achievement may be because we know no better. In point of magnitude, the scale and proportions of our Festival, we have gone as far as we need ever wish to go; but in point of perfection, all-pervading taste and fitness, there is much left to labor for. And it is well that it is so. The Festival has done a great work if it has given us the impulse in the right direction.

4. And this it has done. It has proved the feasibility of Festivals in this country. It has shown that we have the capacity. It has consolidated into a week the best experience of an ordinary year of music, and kept thousands of people within the charmed atmosphere until they have felt and loved great music as they never did before, and henceforth they will evermore demand it. The rest of the lesson we may return to occasionally.

AFTER THE FESTIVAL.—SOCIAL REUNION.—

The ladies and gentlemen composing the Festival Chorus of the Handel & Haydn Society had a pleasant reunion in the Music Hall on Wednesday evening, 14th inst. It was mainly designed, we believe, as a complimentary acknowledgement to the ladies who had taken so zealous and so creditable a part in the Oratorios. But it was also made the occasion of several well merited presentations. To Mr. LORING B. BARNES, the efficient Secretary of the Society, who had been as it were the chief engineer of the great enterprise, was presented a silver tea-set of five pieces; to CARL ZERRAHN, a silver ice-pitcher and salver, and also (on behalf of the ladies of the chorus, through Mrs. Dupee) a pair of gold-lined goblets; Mr. B. J. LANG was the recipient of a gold guard chain. There was dancing, to music by Gilmore's orchestra, and a supper provided by J. B. Smith, and the festivities were kept up with great zest until past midnight. The *Transcript* says:

The presentation proceedings incident to the occasion were most happily arranged and fulfilled.—Dr. J. B. Upham, the President of the Society, occupying the post of chairman. Gen. Oliver assumed the office of presentation to Mr. Barnes, and his remarks were replete with characteristic humor and bluntness and good-naturedly pointed allusion. Judge Putnam did the same service for Mr. Zerrahn, and his speech was, as usual, elegant and felicitous. To Mr. F. H. Underwood was allotted the address to Mr. Lang, and very happily, and with much musical and poetic suggestion he acquitted himself.

The several replies to these little addresses were in capital taste, and expressed all that could rightly be said under the natural embarrassment in which the gentlemen were placed. It is almost needless to add that the company present heartily applauded each recipient, and evinced their favor and sympathy with these well merited rewards for duties performed. And the general public who attended the festival or had any connection with its well-planned and executed arrangements, and are observant of its valuable and encouraging results, will most emphatically acquiesce in the propriety of the gifts.

We are sorry that we cannot furnish a report of all three of the little presentation speeches; fortunately we can furnish a copy of Mr. Underwood's remarks, which were as follows:

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen of the Festival Chorus:

The gentlemen who have preceded me have given well merited honor to the choir and its conductor, and have recognized the energy, foresight and indomitable perseverance with which the business of the Society has been conducted. Let me add my humble tribute! Let me rejoice with you that your affairs are so ably administered!—that your prosperity is as ample as it is deserved! Let me also repeat the hearty commendations which every lover of music has bestowed upon the great choir. For the first time in this country the chorus has risen to its true position in the oratorio: for the first time it has absorbed the attention of eager listeners, and has made the best efforts of solo voices, no matter how richly ornamented, appear tame and of little worth, except as affording a temporary relief from an almost oppressive grandeur. For the first time we have learned the electrical power of numbers,—have felt, around the great circle of human hearts, the thrill, the ecstasy, the awe, and perhaps the glad tears which have started at the sweep of that baton, while the mighty surges of sound from voices, instruments and colossal pipes rose and swelled around this stately pile.

But do we fully comprehend the grand, the overpowering effect of this majestic Organ upon such great occasions? Do we acknowledge, what is true, that without this broad and solid foundation our success would have been only of moderate sort? Have we thought of its slow but omnipotent influence upon the popular taste? In its presence how is littleness rebuked, and prettiness abashed, and the commonplace made odious! In its symmetry, variety, its exquisite and complemental qualities of tone it reminds us of nothing less than the ever changing, the old, the eternally new phases of Nature itself:—whose simple beauty the prattling child may enjoy, and yet whose endless resources for combination the loftiest minds can only wonder at. But how shall I fitly describe the sensations I have felt, sir, as it has been my privilege to hear this wonderful instrument? What words will come, winged and plumed from the blue empyrean, at my call! For music begins where speech ends; and only in the great hereafter can we hope fully to know, to feel, to express this glorious passion, of which the Creator has given us so blissful a foretaste!

I seem now to sit, as I have done many an hour, at the foot of the Apollo opposite while some artist has reverently addressed himself to evoke its powers. I look upon those bold towers, the rich sculpture, the carved symbols of strength and beauty, and my soul rises to the exalted mood that Music requires of her votaries. Then comes the prelude.

Over his keys the musing organist,
Beginning doubtfully and far away,
First lets his fingers wander as they list,
And builds a bridge from dreamland for his lay.
Then as the touch of his loved instrument
Gives hope and fervor, nearer draws his theme,
First guessed by faint auroral flushes sent
Across the wavering vista of his dream.

Then for the theme. How shall I portray it so well as in the words of the same graceful poet:

Then swelled the organ: up thro' choir and nave
The music trembled with an inward thrill
Of bliss at its own grandeur: wave on wave
Its flood of mellow thunder rose, until
The hushed air shivered with the throat it gave
Then poising for a moment it stood still
And sank and rose again, to burst in spray
That wandered into silence far away.

Need I say more, ladies and gentlemen, to recall to your minds the gentleman whose taste, good judgment, and experience have been so conspicuous at our recent Festival. If ever we have faltered we know who was firm. When the direction came: *Lead boldly*, we know what gigantic throats took up the theme. We know who covered our errors, supported our weakness, crowned our strength, and led us in our exultation. Shall I point to him? No, rather let it be my grateful task, Mr. Lang, to offer to you in the name of the chorus this slight testimonial. Your part in the Festival will not be forgotten.

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY.—The adjourned annual meeting of the Handel and Haydn Society was held in Bumstead Hall last evening, the president, Dr. J. B. Upham, in the chair. The treasurer's report was submitted and accepted. The total receipts during the past year amounted to \$1332.01; expenditures \$989.31; leaving a balance in the treasurer's hands of \$342.70. The annual report of the librarian, George H. Chickering, Esq., was submitted. From the report it appears that the library now contains 2183 vocal parts, 473 vocal scores, 649 pianoforte and vocal scores, 1 orchestral score, and 193 separate orchestral parts. The sum of \$1050 has been invested mainly in the purchase of music for the recent Festival, and \$215.36 has been expended

for general music, during the year. The report was accepted and ordered to be placed on file. The secretary, Loring B. Barnes, Esq., reported that there had been admitted during the year twenty-four new members; one had resigned his position, and none have been expelled. Death had removed three of the most active members,—Messrs. John F. Payson, John H. Pray, James Dyer, Geo. W. Palmer, Esq., one of the trustees, presented a report on the "Festival Fund." The whole amount received on that occasion was \$21,180, and there was left a balance over and above expenses of about \$4000. Dr. Upham, the president, submitted an elaborate report, which contained many valuable suggestions whereby the society might improve itself; also a brief and interesting sketch of the rise and progress of musical festivals. Dr. Upham congratulated the society on the complete success of the recent festival, and spoke of the good will which would result from it, on the part of the kindred societies in other cities. In connection with this, communications were read from the New York Harmonic Society and the Handel and Haydn Society of Philadelphia. The report was accepted and adopted by the society, and one thousand copies ordered to be printed for the benefit of the members. The society then proceeded to ballot for officers for the ensuing year, with the following result:

President, Dr. J. Baxter Upham; Vice-President, Oren J. Faxon; Secretary, Loring B. Barnes; Treasurer, Matthew S. Parker; Librarian, George H. Chickering; Trustees, Edward Faxon, George Fisher, George W. Palmer, J. S. Sawyer, Charles H. Johnson, Frank N. Scott, O. Frank Clark, George Hews.

On the board of trustees the first four gentlemen elected were from the old board. A vote of thanks was tendered to the retiring trustees,—Messrs. Isaac Woodwell, S. L. Thorndike, George P. Carter, and W. O. Perkins, and the meeting was dissolved.

The above report is from the *Advertiser* of June 17. We would gladly have found room for the Reports of President, Secretary, &c., but must leave that to a less crowded time.

LIFE OF MENDELSSOHN.—In spite of frequent notices of Dr. Carl Mendelssohn being engaged in writing a biography of his father, the composer, that desirable consummation seems to be as far off as ever. The short, but interesting Life by Lampadius, recently published here by Leyboldt, is still the best, the only life of real value. In a letter to the *Transcript*, written from Cologne, by Rev. W. L. Gage, the translator of Lampadius, we find the following:

Prof. Mendelssohn has been very hospitable, and at his house I have had the pleasure of meeting much of the best society of Bonn. Prince Alfred of England, the second son of Victoria, is studying here, and is often met—a fine, genial and accessible young man, not ashamed to snuff a candle with his fingers if no better instrument is at hand. Mrs. Klingemann, the widow of Mendelssohn's dear friend Carl Klingemann, formerly of London, often referred to in the "Letters" and the author of the words which accompany many of Mendelssohn's songs, also lives here, a thoroughly excellent, cultivated and gentle lady. Her husband died two years ago. She has in her possession many of Mendelssohn's letters, and both she and Prof. M. assure me that they consider the critical severity of the ordeal which the printed letters underwent at the hands of the brother Paul, before they were allowed to be inserted, was reprehensibly great. All traces of the delightful family relations were omitted, and as Prof. Mendelssohn rightly said, instead of knowing that his cousin Felix was most happy with his wife and children, the reader would hardly know that he had a wife. With the exception of the brief life written by Lampadius and recently published by Mr. Leyboldt of Philadelphia, there exists no biography of Mendelssohn, nor is there any in preparation or contemplation; in fact, the biography is wanting. The son (who is *privat dozent* in Heidelberg) is not musical, neither is his cousin, Prof. M. of Bonn. Mrs. Klingemann does not feel herself equal to the task. Her husband, who would so well have executed it, is dead. Hiller is too much engaged; the brother is absorbed in his banking business. Besides these one knows not where to look to find one who thoroughly knew the great composer and yet has the ability and the leisure to execute the task. Meantime a good life is much wanted; and Messrs. Smith & Elder of London wish me to keep the subject before his friends in order that the English at least might enjoy a view taken from an external point, objective, instead of subjective, of this most interesting and remarkable man.

Special Notices.**DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE****LATEST MUSIC.**

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

In peace again. *Song of Peace.* J. W. Turner. 30

Mr. T. very happily seizes the rapidly following incidents of these wonderful days, and has a song ready for each. Ends with a chorus.

The evening hour. (Am feierabend). F. Schubert. 40

Another of the "Maid of the Mill" series. A simple-hearted, pretty song.

He's got his discharge from the army. A companion to "Grafted into the army."

W. A. Field. 10

Poor Jimmy, who was "grafted" some years since, has "grown" to be a sturdy soldier, and has come back from "Alybarmy" and the other places, safe and sound, to rejoice the "poor widow's" heart. An easy, taking song.

O, were I now thy loving wife! (O wär ich schon mit dir verient). *Fidelio.* 50

The song of the prison-keeper's daughter, and very pleasing from its simple style, as well as from the fine music.

Thou who searchest the depths of the heart. (Dio che leggi in fondo all' Alma). *Petrella.* 75

Of the character of the greater opera pieces. Long and difficult, but more worthy of practice on that account, as one rises by such practice nearer to the higher ranks of vocalists.

Instrumental.

Opera house waltz. *Mad. Pattiani.* 30
Quite brilliant. In five and six flats.

Cavalry Sheridan. *Galop.* A. Birgfeld. 40
Spirited. Has a portrait of the hero, on his lonely ride from Winchester to the front.

Nocturne. F minor, No. 1. Op. 55. *Chopin.* 50
" E flat major, " 2. " 35

Romantic Polka. *Lion Spier.* 35
The name indicates a slight departure from the usual polka style. Pretty.

Coronation, or Leap Year Waltzes. *Strauss.* 40
It is safe to class this among the very best of Strauss's sets of waltzes. With a due share of brilliancy, it contains more gentle beauty than the average of his compositions. If you intend to buy three sets of his waltzes, make this one of them.

The "last ditch" polka. 30
One more joke on poor Jeff, who is depicted as a rat in a crinoline cage, and that in a dungeon, and that alongside the "ditch" of Fortress Monroe. Music good.

The Wind Demon. *Rhapsodie Characteristique.* C. G. Hopkins. 75
A furious piece, full of storm and thunder. Sure to please in concerts, since there is nothing like a tornado to "bring down the house."

See the conquering hero comes. *Transcription.* Kuh. 60
The old song, very skilfully transcribed, and makes a massive and showy piece for exhibitions. Not difficult for those who play chords easily.

Books.

GEMS OF GERMAN SONG. A collection of the most beautiful vocal compositions of the German masters. Cl. 3.00, full gilt 4.00, plain 2.50

It is a gratification to announce the advent of another very valuable work. We have here nearly a hundred of the best German songs, all carefully translated, nearly all with both languages affixed. The variety of style is great. Add it at once to the little pile of books on your piano. A lady who owns this, with perhaps the Operatic Pearls, Silver Chord, and Shower of Pearls, possesses just about the best collection of song music in the world.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof. Persons at a distance will find the convenience a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.

